HYDE PARK PICNIC-PICTURES AND WINES -PARIS TRAVEL-BUFFALO BILL.

The Daily Telegraph fund for a Hyde Park picnic does not "catch on" with the public. Pardon the use of the phrase "catch on." It is, I presume, slang, and is most in vogue, perhaps, with persons of the theatrical profession. Thence it spreads, as often happens in these days of mixed society, to the more fashionable world; if there be a more fashionable world; and the phrases of the footlights are lisped by tips whose color owes nothing to the resources of art. If anybody objects to such language I will say that the general public does not yet seem disposed to part with much of its money for Mr. Lawson's pretty and kindly scheme.

His paper makes the most of such subscriptions as it gets, but they are neither numerous nor large. Mr. Leopoid de Rothschild and Mr. Alfred-he is often spoken of without his surname and everybody knows who is meant-have given each \$500. They are the only considerable sums except the splendid \$5,000 of the Lawsons themselves. In no case, however, will the children lose their outing or have to go home without their memorial mugs of Doulton ware. Mr. Lawson's committee includes three of the richest dukes in Englandthey of Westminster, of Bedford, and of Portlandand the son (Lord Hartington) of a fourth, who is as good a millionaire as any of them. It includes Lord Salisbury and Lord Derby, Lord Fife and Lord Rosebery, Lord Rothschild and Mr. W. H. Smith; all of whom may be reckened among the moneyed magnates of England. Any one of them, no doubt, will gladly give whatever is wanted, should the public persist in hanging back. The other papers, for some reason inscrntable to the non-journalistic mind, give no very cordual help to the scheme of their esteemed contemporary.

. Who really bought the great Gainstorough late lyhold at Christie's 1 believe I am responsible for saving it was Sir Charles Tennant. My authority was excellent, but I have a better for contradicting it, Sir Charles himself. He already possesses a Gainsborough-more than one, but one at lesst of finer quality than that which Messra. Christie disposed of by auction for not much less than \$50,000. Then it was said that Mr. Agnew bought this Graham Gainsborcugh against Mr. Alfred de Roinschild's bid, and afterward sold it, as his manner often is, to that distinguished competitor; at a not inconsiderable advance in price. But this story again is denied by Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. Finally, I have heard that Messrs. Agnew were the agents for a collector in the provinces and that this unnamed provincial is the real possessor of the picture. He, it seems, relishes not the kind of fame which comes from the buying and the owning of great works of art-not a bad sort of fame either. However, I do not vouch for this any more than for any of the other reports. The actual pwnership even of a remarkable Gainsborough may for the present remain a mystery, and the world be not very much the worse for its ignorance,

A not less interesting question might be asked with respect to the sale of the late Mr. Cosier' wines. Who is the man who paid eight hundred shillings a dozen for magnums of Perrier Jouet champagne of 1874, reserve cuvée? No doubt it is a fine wine, and all champagnes of the 1874 vintage-including those from grapes that have blossomed and ripened long after that famous year -are of remarkable quality. But no champagne can be worth such a price. It is equal to \$100 a dozen for ordinary bottles, and a London wine merchant who should ask that sum for any champagne in his cellars would be understood to prefer that it should remain in his cellars. Champagne is now the fashionable wine in London, and 1874 is the fashionable vintage. The difficulty is that most of the '74's were long since drunk, but the demand for '74's continues, and so the dealers, true to the doctrines of that political economy which finds favor here, supply it. How they supply it, or what they supply under that name, is another matter, The wine in Mr. Cosier's cellars was doubtless

genuice, and "old landed," as the wine merchants phrase is. His clarets, however, sold for comparatively moderate prices. Chateau Lafite of 1864, pertainly the best Bordeaux now extant, attained to but 180 shillings per dozen, or \$45. That is wine which no Parisian restaurant keeper with a proper respect for himself and his fluids has for some years quoted on his wine list at less than 30 francs a bottle, always with the seal of the chateau. But in London cigarettes have come in few of their quests really care for it, and when so the state of perfection to which the many are impatient if any time is cut to waste before cigarettes and coffee are brought in. Claret drinkers know that smoke is fatal to the flavor of good Bordeaux-a whift from another man's cigarette spoils it just as screly as if the drinkerperish the thought-were himself smoking. This change in after-dinner customs is not more than ten years old, but it has produced its effect. Wine merchants find that there is little demand for the higher grades of clarets. People prefer to spend their meney for champagne to be drunk during dinner: after dinner also, very often. There are, of course, houses where Lafite of '64 and Marganx of '48 are still to be had. But they are the exceptions, just as houses where cigarettes were allowed in the dining-room were, ten years ago, the exception. The change is one in the direction of temperance, and nobody is the worse but much the better for drinking none of those expensive but loaded clarets which so many Englishmen narsed on port preferred to purer vintages.

My last paragraph about billiards met with the fate of others. What I tried to say, among other points of useful information, was that English billiard balls are two and one-stxteenth inches in diameter, not two and three-eighths as printed, no doubt by my fault.

The 78,000 Americans who are coming over here this summer will find it now possible to get from London to Paris with comparative comfort and speed. I say 78,000 because this is the number which those having, or professing to have, authority on this subject, announce as the minimum for the year. The days when you had to get up by starlight, or as an alternative travel by starlight to Paris are over. There are now two pretty good pervices; via Folkestone at 9:49 a. m., or via Dover at 11 a. m. The last is the newest and, on the whole, the best. The London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company have the two fastest steamers on the Channel, the Invicta and the new Victoria, and will shortly put on another faster still. I came over the other day from Calais to Dover, twentythree miles, in an hour and three minutes. It has on done in two minutes less, and the new boat is perform the journey under the hour. The Vic toria is a big vessel with a fine upper deck and good cabins. It sounds meredible but it is true that deck chairs are provided free of charge. Every Atlantic passenger knows that the Atlantic com panies do not provide them at a'l. Some manager re enterprising than his rivals will follow this new example and find it profitable.

An episode of Buffalo Bill's London career. All the world knows, by cable and otherwise, that he was on Lord Charles Beresford's drag at the meet of the Coaching Club in Hyde Park. He was the feature of that gathering. The Princess of Wales rself was less an object of interest, or, at any rate, of curiosity. But there was an unreported in cident. Count Herbert Bismarck was then in on as he is now. He went to the meet and was seen by Lord Charles, who bailed thim and asked him to come up on his coach. Count Herbert accepted this invitation, climbed aloft and was assisned a place on the seat behind the box seat-He observed in front of him and next to Lord Charles a big, powerful man with long hair and what is here called a sombrero. Presently be was ntroduced to this personage as Colone: the Hon-William F. Cody. The son of the Imperial Chancellor of Germany possibly wondered who Colonel the Hon. William F. Cody was, and pretty certainly occupied his mind with speculations on the greatness of this unknown here who was so conhuman being stiffer than your Prussian on points of nette: none, on the whole, so stift. When nyt Harbert Bismarck returns to Berlin be will

have it to relate that the man in whose favor he himself was relegated to a back seat was an American, joint proprietor of an establishment semetimes

London, however, having some time since set up called Cody's Circus. Buffale Bill as an idel, and fallen down before and wershipped him, and burned incense before him, is still well content with its new image. He is liked as well as lionized. His nerves are not fluttered by contact with fashion. He takes what comes to him with coolness and as if it were quite matter of course. Whether at luncheon or a dinner party or an evening crush, our long-haired handsome giant has every art of being at home. Wny should he not? It must be easier to be the centre of half a dozen pretty women's admiring attentions than a target for red Indian bullets. Have you met Buffato Bill ?" queried one " smart" young man about town of another, "smarter," if not younger. " Yes, often." " What was he doing ? "Mostly playing poker with Duchesses." This may be only a vivacious form of expressing the extent of Colonel Cody's intimacy with the most exalted society, but, with or without the poker, of the intimacy there can be no doubt. G. W. S.

FRANCIS WILSON'S CLEVERNESS.

"CADDY" ON THE COMING COMEDIAN. Few actors of such prominence and popularity as Francis Wilson are so little known apart from their Francis Wilson are so little known apart from their stage career. One rarely sees Mr. Wilson in any place of public resort during the day, save at some lecture or perhaps inquiring for a book at the Astor Library or Mercantile. The reason for this is that in a quiet sort of way Mr. Wilson is a studious man. Not only does be devote bimself to his profession, but he very sensibly seeks relief in taking up and pursuing to its end one branch after another of study. Thus he is a good French scholar—naturally so, Thus he is a good French scholar—naturally so, perhaps, as he is nearly related by marriage to Pero Hyacinthe. His thorough knowledge of German has doubtless been useful to him in his art. He was talking the other day to a iriend upon this very sub-

"I do not believe," said he, "in the value of the s'udy of the dead languages. Where so many good translations exist or all Greek or Latin works of value, why should a man spend a large portion of his life in acquiring the power of reading them in the original? Suppose a man should spend twenty years in studying Greek to such a point that he can readily translate dialogues of Plato. Will it have been a useful expense of these process. pense of time unless he can make a better translation than any of the noble ones at present existing?' For an hour after this Mr. Wilson chatted on one topic after another, rarely touching "shop," but throughout displaying the knowledge and facility of expression of a cultivated man of the world. He had with him a copy of the last number of the French publication "Les Premières." "I am fond of anything of this sort" said he, "in which the text is reinforced by good illustrations. I can always understand it so much better if I see a picture of it, for though I cannot draw myself—or at least have made up my mind that I can't—I am passionately fond of painting, and my artist friends are good enough to say that I can criticlse with some degree of knowledge. I always think less realistic, of some other man's face, and yet it I sat down to draw or paint it I could not come within an appreciable distance of it. I am making mental sketches of types and varieties of character, and yet I am utterly couplussed it I try to make a graphic memorandum of such a face."

Following the same train of thought Mr. Wilson said, "I am in the habit of attending a good many lectures during the winter, and I always regret that more lecturers do not adopt the plan pursued by Stoddard and others of illustrating their talk by pictures. I do not think it would be in any way undignified, whatever the theure, while it would make it more interesting and more popular as well as more pertectly remembered. Talking or lecturers, I wonder some clever men whom I heard last winter talk about subjects with which they betrayed an intimate acquaintance do not take the trouble to learn a few of the first principles of elecution. I do not wish to mention names, but one well-known professor whose subject matter was exceedingly interesting lost the greater part of his effect by his childishly incapable manner of delivery. An actor could have given him in halt an boar points enough to have improved his manner of delivery tenfold."

The conversation then veered toward England, and Mr. Wi son spoke in terms or regretful reminiscence of a visit he paid to that country several years ago.
"It," said be, "the run of 'Erminie' ever comes to an end, a result I am inclined to doubt, I shall certainly take the first opportunity of repeating my visit. Every spot I visited seemed full of interest to me. The people themselves were as profitable subjects of contemplation as the historical spots. The dense ignor-ance shown by all the lower middle classes concerning and claret has gone out. The very men who used to tarry long over the wine after the ladies had left the table, are now keen for tobacco and want it at once. Few hosts care to give costly claret when the company of their meets really ease for it and when so shown by the collected effects of the members of the best London stock con panies had attained. I was at the same time much disappointed with many weilknown and highly esteemed comedians. To me they did not seem funny, though their acting was technically excellent. It has struck me for some time past that the low comedian, as our fathers understood him, will soon be a relic of the past. In his place we have the character actor, who at the same time must be a comedian. It is in this respect I think that our American actors excel their English brethren. They do not seem to be on the lookout for odd bits of character as we are, and to be ready to weave them into their stage work. As to myself, if you will tor-give me for using myself as an illustration, I am always looking out for queer people; I study their expressions and their behavior under certain circum-stances, and I rarely fail to make use of them on the stage. It is just in this particular that the Fnglish actors seem to me to be weak. They always take aconactors seem to me to be weak. They always take aconventional view of the character and are always funny in the same way. When I say 'all,' of course I speak of the rank and file. There are many exceptions in my opinion to this rule, and men like John Hare, Beerbohm Tree, Hill. Penley and others have no equals in the art of character drawing."

> Later on in the course of the conversation Mr. Wilson said, "I am a great enthusiast in my art. If I were not so I could not be contented, and certainly a run like that of 'Erminie' would not have been en-

run like that of 'Erminie' would not have been endurable. I get reliet by continually varying the business and adding little gags, as we call them, every night. In this way I keep my interest in the part frest, and I think, at all events I hope, that my acting does not become mechanical."

Mr. Wilson was asked it it were true, as has been stated of late, that he was able to distinguish the faces in the audiences over the footlights. "Yes," said he. "It is, I think, a curious thing, yet it is so. As a rule, I believe, the glare of the footlights prevents actors distinguishing the faces in front of them. I can distinguish my friends, however, when they are in the very back row of the orchestra, and I am even able by watching the motion of people's lips to follow their conversation." their conversation.

Speaking of the difficulty of an actor's doing satisfactory work in the well-known parts of the old comedies, Mr. Wilson said: "For three years I had my share of the legitimate in Philadelphia. I have my share of the legitimate in Philadelphia. I have come to the conclusion that the chief enemy an actor has in this line of work is precedent. He is given a part to act which many of his audience have seen acted in their early days by actors of acknowledged emuence. First impressions of course are strong, and unless he repeats exactly the business of his predecessor he is set down as being unequal to the task. Then in playing a part in au old councily, the actor has te divest himself entirely of his own personality. has to divest aimself entreity of his own personant, the has to eliminate his own modern factor, and this of course to any one but a trained actor of character is extremely difficult. Mr. Brown in a light comedy part of the present day may be to a certain extent, Mr. Brown speaking the author's lines. But the same Mr. Brown playing Charles Surface must allow no trace of Mr. Brown to appear."

THE BEST THE HOUSE AFFORDED.

THE BEST THE HOUSE APPOINTED.

Prom The American Greet.

Governor Seward used to tell a story about Governor Draper, who was diming one day at the Congress Hall Hotel, where the butter happened to be particularly rank.

"Here, John." said Draper to a favorite water who was standing behind him. "John, take this butter away; some people like their butter stronger than othera" John took the plate, held it up to his nose a moment with the air of a comodiscent, then put it back again in its place, and observed in a firm voice: "Misther Draper, that is the strongest butter in the house."

AN ANCIENT BIRD.

"My parrot is 100 years old," said Erastus Judd, living at 608 Eim street. "I have had him for thirty years and my father had him about forty years. 'Oil Putnam,' as we call him, used to belong to my grandfather, Seth Judd, who lived at Shelburne Falls, Mass. The old gentleman got him from a sailor in Boston. I have family letters dated in 1790 in which 'Old Putnam' is referred to as 'a prettle bird whiche hath been taught to say after one much of our New-England primer and certain of Dr. Watt's hymns for the young.' I do not see that the parrot is not as young as ever. He is very docile and he talks as cleverly as a child of six. His plumage is still bright, but his sight has failed him somewhat. The way to tell the age of a parrot is to count the rings on his claws. A new ring or (wrinkle) comes every tenth year, 'Old Putnam' has nine of these rings and a starter for the tenth."

THE SHAME OF PARIS.

YEARS OF VICE AT THE OPERA COMIQUE ENDED IN A NIGHT OF HORROR.

PROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. PARIS, June 1.
I never saw anything more awful or in its sur rounding circumstances more Parisian than the burning of the Theatre Comique. Nearly every one lost head, and nearly every one got in the way, until the fire brigade arrived on the scene of the disaster. There are no people who so much resemble pigs at a trough as the French whenever there is a crowd of them in which each individual is intent on the same object, and that a selfish one; unless, indeed, the regulation of the queue is enforced. Any one who sees them at the station of a street car in wet weather, or on a festive day when the supply of places in these vehicles is no equal to the demand, can form some idea of what their conduct is likely to be under such strain as a fire. It is not the Republic which, as it is falsely alleged, has, by breaking down disci-pline, rendered the French incapable of keeping their heads cool when pressure of this kind is put upon them. The occasions on which I witnessed the worst brutality in this country were at grand balls at the Tuileries when the doors to the supper room were about to be

opened, and at the only ball that Prince Napoleon

and the Princess Clotilde gave at the Palais Royal.

The other night in the Opera Comique women who got in the way of male brutes were trampled down and in two cases stabbed. At the same time the architectural arrangements of every French theatre, save the new opera house, are so stupid that a crowd trying to get away from a fire must needs be as cool as if it were American to keep orderly. All the box-doors on the passage open outwardly. They are therefore blocked up if there is a dense throng and they help to block and cause confusion if they can be forced open from within. This accounts for the number of persons found dead in the boxes. They could not get out once the passages got choked up, and then were asphyxiated by monoxide of carbon. This gas turned the theatre into a lethal chamber, resembling the one at the Pound where masterless dogs are given their quietus. This poison is sure and rapid as prussic acid. It was given out at the Opera Comique by the burning scenery. But since it was impossible for the persons who had not made their way into the corridors be ore the stampede began to effect their escape, it was well for them that the atmosphere was impregnated with this poison. Indeed, under the terrible circumstances, one may regard it as a merciful nepenthe. Noxious gases not only extinguished human life but put out the oil in a few lamps which, in virtue of police regulations, were placed in the passages. So when the gas was turned off darkness reigned, and the mob into which the excited and muddleheaded crowd degenerated knew not whither they that a feeling for phastic art is necessary to an actor who is required to make up his face in resemblance of various characters. I can paint on my own tage the door of which was permanently various characters. were rushing. A score or so rushed down a starr locked and which was too strong to be knocked in. They were overtaken by the monoxide of carbon and must have been killed straightway en masse, The servants of the theatre in the upper rooms had no chance unless want they could hope for by getting out on a roof which in less than a quarter of

> ends of the steps. I saw some men of heroic impulse in the crowd, and I was giad to see a strong and general sentiment of pity for those who were visibly in the risk of their own lives to persons, who were on balconies, at windows and on the roof when the whole building was like a blast furnace. But it was sickening to notice the low, vulgar form curiosity took, the absence of all reproach of conscience or the wish to get out of the way when the multitude was palpably an obstruction to the fire brigade. Demos was being treated to a grand tragedy in one act, one tableau and one night, and wanted to see out the ombre and sinister and awfully impressive spectacle. What was viler than anything else was the cowardly rush off the instant the rumors ran that the valid adults were going to be requisitioned to hand buckets and otherwise aid the firemen.

> an hour was burned through. The service stairs

were about the width of a stairs in a river steamer,

and nearly as steep, but of corkserew form, which

rendered descent for a number of persons out of the

question, there being no foothold save on the wide

General Boulanger, who was in the theatre when the fire broke out, and remained in the square outside to give he p if he saw his way, took upon him self-until their own chiefs came-the con make believe there was to be a universal requisition of spectators for water-drawing purposes. Then the streets were fairly well cleared as if by magic in less than five minutes. General Boulanger also gave the word for all the courtyard doors to be thrown open. Policemen passed on his order and called on porters to "open in the name of the law." The old habit of obeying authority came in here, and the benficent but wholly illegal stratagem of the General had fuil success. Americans will hear with pity that the pumps could not be brought to the rescue within forty-five minutes after they were summoned. never beheld anything more hideous than their position in la Rue de Mauvanx, a short and parrow street debouching on the Place de l'Opera Comique. It was as full of sightseeing human beings as a herring barrel of fishes. There was no means of going back or forward until General Boulanger's benficent order went round for courtyard doors to be opened, and hands to be requisitioned. An order to clear off would not have been obeyed, Demos would have resented being deprived of the grandiose and gratis spectacle. But as he could not resent being called upon to make himself useful in a humble way-and in the rain-he got out of the way in all the haste he could make. Then the her-es drawing the pumps were goaded on with bayonets. There was no other way to make them advance.

The fire was not the worst. What surpassed everything else in horror was its marriage with steam. I believe there were more people steamed to rags than burned to death. I saw boile boddies at the provisional dead house. They were boiled to rags by the steam which made its way into nooks and crannies to which neither flame nor carbonic acid penetrated. Another feature of the horrible event were the smells of roast and boiled flesh. One would have thought that a feast fit for a company of ogres and ogresses was being got ready. These odors have since been succeeded by the stench of carrion which floods of disinfectants are impotent to banish. has been shown toward the

the stench of carrion which Hoods of disinfectants are impotent to banish.

Immense sympathy has been shown toward the victims of the fire and money generously subscribed flows in for the relief of the surviving sufferers and of the families of the dead. But a deficiency of coolness of head and clearness of judgment is also shown in this. The thing would be to create after the immediate punch of suffering was alleviated, a fund to enable the victims to sue the lessees and M. Carvalho, the ex-manager of the Opera Comique, for damages. This theatre was owned in fee by the State, and the use of it given to a ring of wealthy Jews, along with a subvention, to enable them to patronize French musical art of the special kind in which Auber excelled. This arrangement was in some respects of a Tammany Hall kind, and in others a mask for a viter sort of corruption than "Boss" Tweed ever dreamt of. Not to mince matters, the ring made use of the Opera Comique as it makes use still of the Grand, to job and lobby through the influence of singers and dancers that chiefly the latter in their pay, on Deputies and Ministers. Under the Monarchy, and still more the Empire, the subventioned play houses were Paphian preserves for the sovereign and his courriers. Le Theatre Francals, so far as the ladies go, is just as badas it was be fore the Republic. The actresses there are either past or present mistresses of powerful journalists, politicians or financiers. Leadie Lebbage has recently been thrust into the House of Molifere by a pointical man who owe his great position in the Chamber much more to the fortune and family influence of been thrust in the House of Motiere by a pointical man who owe his great position in the Chamber much more to the fortune and family influence of his beautiful and gracious wife than to his own orstorical talent, sarah Bernhardt was admitted through the influence of that most successful of od humburgs, the late Enule de Girardin. Mile. Pudlay was the protege of a recent Fine Aris Minuster. Croizetts was the mistress of the Pue d'Aumale before she took up with Baren Stern, who is now her husband. A pact was entered into between the Gambettists and Leonide Leblanc, when she was the most appreciaced of the Due d'Aumale's four Sultanas, to get her into the Theatre Francais if she got the Oreansis of the Chamber to vote for M. Antonia Proust when he was a candidate for the Budget Committee.

Due d'Aumale in France, she is the loved one of a political personage who was several times sent for last week by M. Grevy, but who eventually declined to take office. General Boulanger has fallen into the hands of a blonde and rezor-faced Jewess at the Francais. She has tackled on to him to obtain War Office contracts for men of her race. One of the reasons they got up the cry of drunkenness against Miss Marie Van Zandt was that she was not vicious and was therefore not a good political instrument.

against Alies Mailes therefore not a good political instrument.

Well, captivating women who led Deputies captive were in the nature of things expensive, and so police regulations to insure safety which could not be carried out unless they involved a considerable outlay were allowed to become a dead letter. I heard M. Carnescasse, an ex-Prefect of Police, say that time after time he had called aftention to this state of things, but unavailingly, because the lesses by means of passes granted to Deputies, and their brigade of sirens, were able to set him at defiance. Conston, the colonel of the fire brigade, informed me that for ten years he has been making himself a nuisance to the Fine Arts Ministry by his frequent warnings of the dangerous state of the Paris theatres, and especially of the subventioned ones. Why not, then, subscribe a fund to enable the victims to bring the ring to book? French law is very explicit on the chapter of responsibility for damages caused by neglect, and does not admit to anything like the same extent as English law "the act of God."

M. Carvalho is the manager of the Opera Compage, He is a Jew of Portuguese extraction.

"the act of God."
M. Carvalho is the manager of the Opera
Comque. He is a Jew of Portuguese extraction.
When he learned of the fire he lost all head, unless
what enabled him to rescue from his office a beautiful marble bust of his wife (Madame Miolan Cartiful marble bust of his wife (Madame Miolan Carvallo, the ismous singer) and some other precious objects belonging to himself. The idea of what he owed to the speciators in the prosceniam or to the servants of the theatre did not present itself to his mind. The Opera Comique was a favorite resort of match negotators. Being less costly than the Opera and more enjoyable to French youth, parents in easy circumstances were fond of taking their daughters there to hear sweet music and to be seen by the fathers and mothers of sons wishing to get married. It was a regular husband and wife market. I was shown by a police commissary a love letter written by a a regular husband and wife market. I was shown by a police commissary a love letter written by a young girl to her sweetheart. She had been brought from Tours to choose the dress in which she was to be married and had written the letter before she went to the ill-fated theatre with her parents. They choe it because her name was Mignon and the opera so calted was to be revived on the evening in question. It is impossible to fancy anything more sweet or girlish than the missive. In her pocket was also found a memorandum book on which was written, "Darling Charles, in this horrible fire I devote my last thoughts to thee." this horrible fire I devote my last thoughts to thee

DEMOCRATIC DIRT IN THE POST OFFICE. A SAD CONTRAST TO FORMER CLEANLINESS-COM-

PLAINTS OF OCCUPANTS. The varied torms of uncleanliness which diversify the scenery in the United States Post and Court Building have yielded in a tew particulars within the last few weeks to the brush and cloth of the cleaner, preparatory, presumably, to the visit of a representa-tive of the Treasury Department, who came to this city recently to inquire as to the need for an extra appropriation of \$3,000 asked for by Custodian Fryer. In spite of this scratching of the surface the mass of the dirt which has made the Federal Building an unpleasant place to occupy or visit for the last two years is undisturbed. The tile-covered floors of the corridors are discolored from insufficient scrubbing, and the walls and many of the windows and chan-deliers are grimy with the accumulated dust of months and sometimes apparently of years. The opinion of the occupants of the building, except Custodian Fryer, is practically unanimous in con-demning the manner in which, the place is at present cared for or to a large degree neglected.

Custodian Fryer, when asked by a TRIBUNE reporter whether he wished to make any statement

respecting the criticisms of occupants of the building, said that he did not believe that any one who had offices there, excepting one official (who declined to say anything to the reporter on the subject), had any tault to find. An investigation showed that he was not well informed as to the sentiments of the occupants. No one even intimated that he thought the building well cared for. Mr. Fryer is apt to be con-trolled by personal feelings and has power to annoy officials in small matters, so that they were unwilling to have their names mentioned. Some of the expressions used by various officials are:

"The building fairly neeks at times."
"One can notice an unpleasant odor immediately on coming into the building. It is extremely unhealthy."

"I have had an office in the building since it was erected and I never knew it to be as dirty as it has been lately."

"Look at those walls and you can see plainly where the cloth of the cleaner teaches when it is drawn across the walls. All above those lines is dark with

dust."

"The building was well kept under Custodian Mc-Afee, but lately it has been in a wrotched condition."

Mr. Fryer said that the windows were clean. Not Mr. Fryer said that the windows were clean. Not fitty teet from the place where he stood and fronting on the stairs near his door was a window in a condition befitting only the lighting place of an unused cellar. Both the upper and lower panes were griny. The lower pane had a wide tringe of dirt at the top which was nearly black. The window sill was covered with a thick layer of dust. The window is in Wa condition only a fair sample of a down when its condition only a fair sample of a dozen others police. It was, owing to the choked up state to streets, impossible for the fire brigades to oach the conflagration. Gueral Honlanger equal to the emergency. He so d the police to steps of the stairs are stained with mud. The floors of the corridors are mopped up at stated times, but scrubbings with soap and brush, such as were frequent under other custodians, are seldom employed. The wooden rails along the walls are covered with

Mr. Fryer retused to give information as to the cost of keeping the building in its present condition. From other sources it was learned that he employs of keeping the binding in as pleasing the from other sources it was learned that he employs eight men and five women as cleaners. The women are usually raithful. They sweep and dust the offices. The men are supposed to clean the corridors, windows, etc. They were appointed under the present Democratic Administration to replace the trained men who worked under Custodian McAtee, Mr. Fryer is a brother in-law of ex-Secretary Manning, and holds the position of superintendent of repairs of United States buildings, He spenus much time in Washington. The custodian is appointed from among the United States officials, and the position is u-nally honorary, the assistant custodian Fryer, however, as soon as he was appointed took away from Assistant Custodian James Coulin, who had won the favor of many of the Federal officials, the entire management of the building. He removed some of Mr. Coulin's appointees and reduced that official to merely nominal control. The entire responsibility of the uncleanliness of which constant compliant has been made since his appointment rests with Mr. Fryer.

Mr. Fryer said that the \$3,000 was wanted in order that the walls might be wiped down. He said they had not been cleaned since the building was creeted. had not been cleaned aline the building was erected. A Government employe who has been familiar with the condition of the building since it was opened, says that the walls of many of the rooms were carefully wiped off at times under provious custodians. The number of men, it was said, employed by the custodian was sufficient to secure cleanliness throughout the pulcing it thay were carefully directed as to udding if they were carefully directed as to their duties and supervision was closely ex reised.

SOME OF EDWARD INGRAM'S WIT.

SOME OF EDWARD INGRAM'S WIT.

From The Philodelphia Neve.

At that time [forty years ago] Edward Ingram was recognized as one of the leading wits of the Philadelphia bar, ranking not second even to David Paul Brown.

Many stories of Ingram's wit are still current. At a bar banquet, where he was the toast-master, one of the participants was Colonel Lee, who afterward, if I sm not mistaken in the man; got badly mixed up in some sort of a financial scrape. He was a blond haired, handsome young fellow, but not looked upon as being possessed with a superabundance of brains. During the dinner referred to he repeatedly shipped around to Ingram's side and whispered to him: "Call upon me rext. I have something fine to give them." Finally, these importantites caused the toast-master to lose his patience and rising to his feet he said: "Gentlemen, I will give you a toast that I am sure all will gladly join in drinking. "Here is to the lees of the Philadelphia bar," which will be responded to by Colonel Lee."

The laugh that ensued crushed the budding eloquence of the young aftorney.

Once while ingram was sented in the Law Library, Lee entered in a distracted state, and after reconnuting the tale of some were that was then troubling him concluded by saying: "Fil blow my brains out."

Ingram leoked him calmly in the eyes and said in deliberate tones: "Do you know you will have to be a mighty good shot."

cluded by saying: "Fil blow my brains out."

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Upon another occasion Lee entered Ingram's effice in search of advice. He had been invited to a fancy dross bell and was in doubt as to what character in history or romance he could beat portray. He thought that tagram's inexhaustible fund of knowledge might aid him in reaching a conclusion. After he had made proper presentation of the matter lugram said to aim: "What character had you thought of representing?"

"Well," answered Lee, "I thought that something in the cavaller line would be very becoming to me; Charles the Second, for instance."

"You could portray Charles the First much better; in fact, to perfection," said Ingram, placedly.

"Do you think so?" exclaimed Lee, delightedly. "Why do you say *so?"

"Because them," replied Ingram, without the ahadow of a smile, "you would require no head."

do you say so!"
"Because then," replied Ingram, without the ahadow of a smile, "you would require no head."

SOME FEMININE ROYALTIES. From The London Truth.

The Princess of Wales looked as charming as ever in a dress of tan-colored velvet over sath a tone lighter, and trimmed with biscuit colored lace. She has a wonderfully sweet smile. Just as she was passing as she found that all the rest of the Royalitae were far behind her, and that she was quite alone. Looking back interrogatively, she smiled at Princess Mary, and I thought I had supped, she and Princess Mary came hand in hand down the steps into the hall. It was as though the Princess of Wales had gracefully waived her precedence.

Some one ought to speak to the Court hairdresser. He

les as much hair on Princess Victoria of i head as upon her mother's. This young lady is bri ad bonny, but had she not been born to the purple, se would ever have called her beautiful. Her color creamily and rosily fresh, and in her eyes there lightful expression of fun and jollity, veiled by lost diaphanous demureness. The young Princesse to a prearable during delightful expression of fun and jointy, veited by most diaphanous demureness. The young Princesses of Wales have greatly improved in appearance during the last two years. At twenty five the eldest will be a hand some woman. She is losing her shyness and acquirin that serenity of look which is as a shield to the sensitive in the battle of life. She and her sister had simply-mad white dresses, the folds of which were brought up ove the shoulders in the way that has had such a success this season. Princess Victoria had a marrow white ribbon the tightly round her neck and fastened in a small bow u under her hair at the back.

THE THEATRES.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK. A member of the company which played in Mr. Mackaye's drama, "Anarchy," in Buffalo, said yesterday: "Mr. Mackaye's play is undoubtedly a popular success. Every seat was taken in advance early in the atternoon of the day of each performance, and I never saw audiences more enthusiastic. One of Mr. Mackaye's Buffalo triends offered him in my presence \$50,000 with which to back the play. But Mr. Mackaye refused it, as he considered he was in honor bound

There is a prospect that " Prince Karl" will remain on the programme of the Madison Square Theatre throughout the entire summer season. Every night has seen a decided increase in the business done, and after two weeks Mr. Mansfield finds the audiences so large and enthusiastic that it would be mere folly to take the piece off and tempt fortune with his new comtake the piece off and tempt fortune with his new comedy. However, the new piece has been in active preparation and is ready for production at any moment.
This week the 500th performance of "Frince Karl"
takes place, and in honor of this event Mr. Mansfield
will have the theatre turned into a bower of flowers.
Graceful foliage plants and beautiful shrubs will line
the loubles and the vestibule, and aid in giving the
theatre the appearance of what it really is—the coolest summer house in the city.

To-morrow night the first performance of "Pina-tore" at the Madison Square Garden will take place. To-night a dress rehearsal will be given, at which, it is stated, no one will be allowed to be present. A visiter to the Garden yesterday found the place transformed and made to look more inviting and comfortable than has been the case for a long time. The bare ness and griminess of the pillars are concealed by masses of evergreens and flowers, while the rafters are gay with ounting. The enormous ship stands out from a drop which is said to be the largest ever painted in this city. At is 175 feet long and of great height. The cast of the principals is now complete and includes Harry Hilliard, Charles Coote, Gus Hall, J. Clark, Charles Turner, C. Peakes, Miss Effic Stewart, Miss Adele Kellogg and Miss Lilian Richardson. Miss Stewart, whose name is new to comie opera goers in this city, is said to be a soprano or much power. She is at present the principal solo soprano at St. Patrica's Cathedral. The others are all more of less well known, though some of them have not been heard in New-York for a considerable time. The chorus have been rehearsed daily for the last two chorus have been rehearsed daily for the last two weeks by Mr. Scanlon, who is noting stage manager. He mas also drilled a number of supernumeraries who will perform a cutlass drill. A ballet danced by some former members of the Metropolitan Opera House corps still be introduced, while a further display of dancing will be made by a band of urchins dressed as midshipmates.

Herrmann at the Bijon Opera House has seen an effiout attraction during the last week, and his second and last week is likely to prove even more prosperous. The cheatre is of a size exactly to suit his purpose, for his sleight-of-hand tricks are performed in such a man-ner as to be absolutely deceptive even when viewed from a distance of a few feet. Herrmann the other day was shocked by the news of the sudden death of his brother, Protessor Carl Herrmana, who was one of the most celebrated prestidigitateurs in Europe. Herrmann did his best to prevail on the managers of the Bijou Opera House to excuse him from playing on Thursday Opera House to excuse him from passing was thought night when he received the news, but it was thought under the circumstances to be impossible. "I travelled with my brother," said he, "for many years, and owe him much in a professional way. Apart from that, however, our relations were peculiarly close and that, however, our relations were peculiarly close and affectionate, and I have not yet got over the distressful feeling caused by the news. He was staying with other members of my tamily at Carls bad, and the last letter I mad from them spoke of the enjoyment he was deriving from his holiday. My brother was many years older than myself, and when we dissolved partnership we agreed that I should use the name in this country while he retained it in Europe. This has given rise, I am sorry to say, to some misapprehension as to my exact position. Like myself, any brother depended for most of his effects upon pure sleight-of-hand, a gift which is a family inneritance, though only brought to perfection, of course, by constant practice and study. I have cabled them asking them to postpone the tuneral unit Sunday, for I feel that I could not perform in public upon the day that my brother is buried." As soon as Hermann has concluded his short engagement at the Bijou Opera House, he will start for Europe, where he will endeavor to pick up some noveities in the way of mechanical pick up some noveities in the way of mechanical tricks.

The performance of the Japanese jugglers at the Standard Theatre, which is to begin to-morrow night, Similard Institute to be an interesting one, judging from the dress rehearsal given on Friday afternoon. It is several years since an entertainment of this kind has been seen in New-York, and those who remember little "All-Right" will no doubt be interested in his two little successors, who seem to be quite as clever, if they are not quite so amusing.

Mr. Frohman has made up his mind to close the Lyceum Theatre on the first of July and keep it closed during the usual hot spell of that month, and then to reopen a few weeks later with the same attraction now to be seen there. The announcement of the engage-ment of Robert Hilliard to supply Mr. Sothern's place rise to some gessip. But it is entirely probable that a satisfactory ar angement will be made, tending probably to the release of Mr. Sothern by Miss Dauvray, though of course she has it in her power to keep hm under engagement and under salary during the whole of next season.

The many admirers of Miss Rosina Vokes will be glad to hear that it is nor intention to return next sea-son and make another tour of the United States with a small comedy company. She is at present in this city, and will sail for home this week. Last week she completed her season in Brooklyn, where she was entirely successful. Indeed, since she left New-York and since successful. Indeed, since she left New-York and since her health materially improved she has met every-where with a gratifying reception. Her revival of "Caste" was an exceedingly fortunate move, and she is determined to devote herself next season to plays of

Imre Kiralty returned from Europe last week, brirging with him much of the material to be used in the elaborate production of "Largardiere," to be brought torward at Niblo's in the talk While in France Mr. Kiralfy visited M. Ravel and purchased from him the right to produce all the pantomines and fairy plays owned by the famous Rayel family, of which Jerome owned by the famous kave ismity, of which servous Ravel is the only survivor. This week E. G. Gilmore, the well-known manager of Niblo's Gardon, sails for Europe ou the Trave, to make further arrangements concerning the new production. He will cugage sixty or seventy of the best ballet dancers he can secure; they will be headed by Mile. Girri, who has lately been the principal attraction in the ballet of the

A special production of " Held by the Enemy" will be given at the Star Theatre toward the beginning of September. The play is still running successfully in London, and is also being well received in San Fran

To morrow night Mr. E. F. Mayo will appear at the Grand Opera House in "Davy Crockett." It is many years since this play was seen at this theatre. The week following " Hazel Kirke," played by almost the same people that appeared in its original run at the Madison Square Theatre, will be given. The principal members of the company will be C. W. Couldock, W. J. Ferguson, W. H. Compton, Frank Carlisle, E. H. Lee, May Wheeler, Ada Gilman, Mrs. Sol Smith and May Rebarts. May Roberts.

A STAGE INCIDENT.

A STAGE INCIDENT.

From The Boston Courier.

"I saw something in New-York the other day," Miss Covington observed to the Editor, "that made me almost reconciled to being plain."

"That would mean little in the case of one with your good sense and small reason for being discontented with your looks." he replied with rather ponderous attempt to be gallant.

Miss Covington waved her hand in depreciation of any such bald flattery.

"It was in a Note.

Miss Covington waved nor hand in depictual, as such hald flattery.

"It was in a Fifth Avenue stage," she said. "There was a lovely girl sitting next to the door. She was really a remarkably pretty girl, and she had on a beautifully litting gown. One of the passengers who was at the other end of the stage got up to go out, and when he came to the door he put a hand on each side of the doorway, as if he wanted to steady himself. Then he stooped down as though he were going to step out, and as he uid to he suddenly turned his head and kissed the pretty girl. Of course it was done and he was out as quick as a fissh."

"And what did she do?"

a flush."

"And what did she do t"

"Why, she was completely dazed. She said, 'Why, that man kissed me' and she hardly seemed to know what had happened to her. It was the most outrageous thing I ever knew."

"and all the women in the stage," the Editor observed, "were indigmant at the ruffian."

"Of course they were!"

"And not at all of the opinion that the girl was at all to blame."

THE CROWN PRINCE'S !HEALTH-GRIEVOUS ANXIETY OF HIS WIFE AND MOTHER.

A ROYAL TAINT.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE T PARIS, May 26.

The real state of the German Crown Prince is be, lieved here to be kept a secret to prevent Queen Victoria sinking under the weight of sorrow on the fiftieth anniversary of her coronation. I have seen a letter from the Crown Princess and another from the German Empress to a friend, in writing to whom they feel they can pour out all their troubles and afflictions. Sheltered as they have been from the ills against which ordinary mortals have to struggle, they have not as much strength of fibre in resisting such a terrible blow as that which now threatens the Imperial family. The Empress, how ever, has lived on very high altitudes of thought and feeling. If they have been cold, the atmosphere upon them has been bracing. She has kept company with heroes and with heroines of Corneille and with those illustrious French preachers under whom Mme, de Sevigne sat with so much edification and comfort to herself. They have lifted up her heart and ennobled her life, and she writes about the affliction like a sweet-souled store, who is wounded to death, but will not utter a groan.

The Crown Prince is not a man of much vital re-

sistance. He has a trace of the neurosis which the blood of Paul I. brought into so many reigning families of Europe. His grandmother on the maternal side was a daughter of that crowned lunatie. The taint in the Crown Prince shows itself in black presentiments that creep upon him, and a horror of the inevitable lot of every human being. This lowers his vitality. He has also been the victim of the vaccination mania. His power to eliminate a blood virus is not great, and with his soldier-like respect for rule he set an example of obedience te the regulation in virtue of which revaccination is imposed on German soldiers. I am told that he has been three times revaccinated since be grew up. The terrible attack of typhoid fever from which he so nearly died three or four years ago left his body fall of drees which with his weak powers of climp nation are still presumably at work in it. The poison soon showed itself in his throat, in him a naturally delicate organ. He is thought by Dr. Mack n e to be afflicted with a tumor of the polypus kind. Professor Virghow believes it to be cancerous but does not dare to say so. It is thought better to let the terrible truth come gradually on those near and dear to the Prince, and to whom he is an object of almost worshipful love. The proliferation of the tumor, or rather tumors, for there are several of them, is singularly rapid. The waters of Ems have tended to accelerate their growth, and they press in a very painful way on the glands and blood-vessels of the throat, and are spreading down to the bronchial tubes so as to threaten suflocation. An artificial appliance has secured to the lungs an alequate supply of air; but the pain and inconvenience from which the Imperial patient suffers are hard to endure. His wife writes that " his patience is that of an angel." She " never knew before what dying daily meant." What tortures her most is to see her husband's efforts "to hide his state from those around him and so spare their cruelly wrang hearts."

The German Crown Prince is of a leal and kind'y disposition. He adores his wife, who is a duty-lov ing woman with a bright and sturdy in ellect. She sees through the falsities and vanities of the world and has a passicnate love for truth, for art and for nature. She has been, as the Germans say, in their pedantic phraseology, raising herself through a wide range of activity to a high consciousness, as her mother-in-law has done through meditation and reading and the discharge of the duties or her high position. The Crown Princess is ambitious of one day shining in history as the benificent and rightthinking German Empress. She has a warm and pure heart and though in blood a German and bound to Germany by her husband and children, speaks of England as her " home," her " dear native land," and envies her younger sisters whose lots are permanently cast in the mother country. She has never since she got married, twenty-nine years ago, been free from nome-sickness.

Lord Lyons gave yesterday his annual banquet Lord Lyons gave yesterday his annual banquet in celebration of the Gueen's birthday. It may be the last time he will preside at the cinner table in the British Embassy, the Tories wanting to put a political partisan in his place. Lord Sabsoury thought of sending here Lord Lytton and was prevented from doing so by M. Labouchere, wh. put a spoke in the Lytton-Salisbury wheel ay raising up his voice in the Committee of Ways and Means against the proposed change. Why, he said, waste \$15,000 a year—the retiring pension to which Lord Lyons is entitled—by insisting on his retirement, he being still a much better man for the office than any one Her Majesty's Government can find! Lord Lyons is a man of few words. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he yesterday evening champagne has been poured. He is in the matter of alcoholic drinks a total abstainer, but what is plentifully served at his table. When "The Queen" has been drunk he again stands up and says "The President of the Republic." The band of the Republican guard play "God Save the Queen," in a greenhouse on which the banquetting room opens, after the first toast is proposed, and after the second "The Marseiflaise." All the servants of the Embassy gather in the ball room to hear the muse, Lord Lyons is one of the kindest and truest of Englishmen. He is the son of an houset English sailor lishmen. He is the son of an honest English sailor and though he has been if ty years in the diplomatic profession it has not twisted his naturally straightforward disposition. All it has dene has been to make him grarded in his speech and shy with persons with whom he feels he would be in a with persons with whom he feels he would be has game of knavery very unequally matched. I should imagine that the deaths of his sister, the Duchess Dowager of Noriolk and (recently) of her niece-lu-law, the young Duchess, have been a heavy blow to him. But he gives no sign of grief and discharges the duties of his station as if he were suffering from no such bereavement. After the death of the late Duke of Norfolk Lord Lyons was the of the late Duke of Norfolk Lord Lyons was the gnardian of his young family. Some years also he had nearly always some of his nieces the laties Howard, on a visit at the Embassy, and his sister constantly was his great there. She was an elderly lady of simple manners and bounteous disposition. Lord Lyons since he came here has transacted business with twenty-one different Ministers of Foreign Affairs, and I should fancy is tired of the shifty

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Colonel Howard. "Each of them has several variations,
so that every taste can be accommodated, while no nature
(however sensitive) will be snocked thereby."

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